

Home Reading.

Two Lovers.

One here under the grass.
And one in the grass green sea—
More is my grief, alas!
That both of them died for me.

Love is too much for one—
One love was enough for me;
One love under the sun,
And one in the sunlit sea.

Oh, I have loved too late,
Too late have I loved the sea.
Why should I stay to mate
With the earth that mated me?

Would that the sea might give;
Ah! would that the sea might take;
If but the dead might live,
Who died for my poor sake.

He whom I loved, alas!
And he who, alas! loved me—
One here under the grass,
And one in the grass-green sea.

Food for She Bears.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a care-worn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, isn't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush," said the woman, "why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence, "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, may be."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! there's another fly. Look at that fly! look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll slap you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy, promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy.

"When I get bald-headed, I'm going to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the she bears to kill children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and the woman leaned back and blew a tired sigh from her lips.—*Burdette.*

On the Care of a Sick Room.

There has been so much written in regard to house nursing of late, that it seems as though there was no more to be said. But when one enters a sick room, a glance around will generally indicate that there is much need of instruction.

The windows, which should be arranged for the free ingress of air and sunlight, are closed. I have even found them with a towel or blanket over them when there was a fever patient in the room. The patient does not like the light, and so the window is covered.

Light and sunshine carry strength with them, and are great aids in bringing back health and strength. The best way is to turn the bed with the head towards the window, if this can be done without the bed being too near the window. If this cannot be done use a screen, or if there is no screen to be had, a common clothes horse that can be found in any house will do. Drape this with a white towel or anything that is convenient, making it look as well as possible for the sake of the patient, as a sick person enjoys having something pleasant to look at. This screen will shade the eyes of the patient and prevent the air from blowing directly on the bed, and the room can be kept perfectly fresh and cool without danger to the patient.

Do not think that air is necessarily pure because it is cool, or impure because it is warm. Arrange the windows according to the condition of the patient. A patient with pneumonia, or many of the lung troubles, cannot bear the same amount of air as a fever patient.

If the weather is cool, have a board made six inches broad and just the same width as the window, so that it will fit the groove that the window slides in. Put this in below the window, letting the sash rest upon it, and the room will be ventilated without danger of the air blowing on the patient. Or frames, one six inches broad and another ten or twelve inches broad, wide enough to fit the groove for the sash and covered with flannel, are excellent to use as ventilators. The air loses much of its dampness in passing through the flannel. With care the room can be kept perfectly fresh without danger to the patient, and do not forget that your patient needs fresh air both day and night. So much for ventilation only.

Ask the doctor if the patient can have a great deal of fresh air; if he says "yes," put extra covers on the bed, according to the temperature, but something light and warm about the head, leaving the face exposed, if the patient can bear it. If not, throw something over the

head-board and put it down over the patient, so that it will not touch the face; this is not often necessary, as most people can bear the air and enjoy it. When the patient is properly covered, open all the windows wide, leaving them open ten or fifteen minutes if the patient's face is not covered. If it is, leave them open a shorter time, or your patient may feel stifled. Patients should not be left alone while the windows are open, but a nurse will need to dress as for going out of doors in order to stay with them. Keep the patient's feet and limbs warm. Close the windows, and let the air warm a little before taking off any of the covers; uncover the face first, and take off the other covers as the room gets warmed. This can be done two or three times a day and is very refreshing. When patients are able to get up at night, it often quiets and soothes them, if restless, and helps them to sleep better.

For convalescents and nervous people who are able to be partly or wholly dressed, put them on a couch, covering them sufficiently, or dress them as for driving; place them by an open window (if the sun, if possible, and let them remain for half an hour or more once or twice a day. Be sure the doors are closed so that there will be no draughts.

This way of giving the patient air may seem dangerous to those not accustomed to it, but your physician will tell you whether it can be done with safety. It often works wonders, as many a patient can get plenty of fresh air in this way that could not go out to drive for a long time.

Doors are what we have to do with all our lives, and yet nineteen people out of every twenty make a noise closing every door they go through. Physicians have not yet learned that they disturb the patient when they are striving to quiet, by closing the doors noisily when they are to open the house or room. It is perfectly easy to close a door quietly, yet few people make it a practice to do it until some one in the house is ill, and then it is often forgotten.

The patient that for days and nights has had no rest is finally relieved from pain and is quietly sleeping. If there is nothing to disturb him, some hours of restful sleep may be expected, giving the rest and strength so much needed. But some one, forgetful of the needed carefulness, closes a door with a slam, and the patient starts with every nerve quivering, not only losing the much needed sleep, but having to suffer from a sudden awakening, so hard for a weak person to bear. If people would practice and teach care in closing doors, and their habit to do so, no one need suffer from this one of the unnecessary noises.

Sometimes there are large cracks by the hinges of doors, over which pieces of cloth should be pasted to prevent air or light from passing into the room when the door swings open. The window sashes usually rattle with the wind, the jar of a passing cart, or even foot-steps in the house, should be prevented, and is easily accomplished by pushing in a folded card or wedge of wood between the two sashes.

There is often in the sick room an array of bottles, boxes of pills, besides various cups and spoons; but as no sick person wishes to see the bureau covered with bottles or the mantelpiece ornamented with boxes of pills or powders, try never to have any medicine in the room, except what you are using, and not that if you have the use of a dressing room near at hand. Sick people often tire of the sight of these things when they are not willing to ask to have them removed.

Keep one or two glasses and spoons, always perfectly clean, in the room, but never have one of either that has been used if you can avoid it. If you use a glass, wash it as soon as possible, and it is much more easily cleaned than if left to dry, and it is ready for use when next wanted.

Have a cloth on the bureau and washstand; it will preserve them from marks and lessen the noise when anything is set on them.

These things may seem of slight importance, but they all tend to a neat and orderly room.

It is very difficult to clean the carpet in a sick room, but much can be done by keeping everything picked up that is loose on the floor. A damp cloth pinned over a broom and brushed lightly under the bed will take up the dust, while a damp cloth in the hand will serve the same purpose in other parts of the room. Always dust the room every day with a cloth, and remember that a clean, well-swept room will help the patient back to health.

MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL TRAINING SCHOOL, GRADUATE.

—*Boston Transcript.*

The Arab is not generally witty, yet he occasionally utters a sentence to which his naïveté gives droll humor. A commandant in a French regiment stationed in Algeria was recently walking near a river, when he saw an Arab struggling in the water. Unable to swim, the poor Bedouin would have been drowned had not the officer plunged in, and, at the risk of his own life, rescued him. As an acknowledgment of his bravery, the commandant was presented with a medal.

On hearing of it, the Arab exclaimed: "How! they give a medal to him who can swim so well, and to me, who can not swim at all, they give nothing!"

Fashionable Ladies Hammering Brass.

A number of ladies who were studying the latest fashionable handicraft of brass beating at one of the private art schools in Philadelphia, have made a new practical departure by giving up the theories of books and book-learned teachers and placing themselves as apprentices under a regular brass-beater in an establishment where it is carried on as a business. They had been getting their hammering and tracing tools for a long time from a practical workman, who has been tracing and modeling brass for over forty years. In visiting the place, getting tools and brass and blocks, some of the ladies were struck with the thorough and practical way things were done, and very soon found out that the school was a great deal of it, child's play, and that if they wanted to make beautiful and lasting work they would have to take up the methods of the factory. Accordingly, for nearly a year the herculean and sardonic brass beater has had under his care a class comprising some of the best-known ladies of Philadelphia, and has so instructed them in the way of using and holding their tools, and in the proper kind of stroke to make upon the steel dies, that some of them, who have had a good deal of practice, are enabled to make articles in repoussé brass of which they are justly proud. The method is very simple and primitive. A sheet or plate of brass is fastened on a block of wood. The design is drawn upon it and the outline is hammered in by a die, which has several dots in a row. Then

there is a die that makes the groundwork have a frosted, mottled appearance, and other dies that make a variety of impressions. Everything depends upon the skill of the hands that hold the tools. Out of a piece of brass costing a few dollars there can be made something that could not be purchased for less than \$25 or \$50. Card receivers are among the things most made, and all sorts of curious things are made for wedding presents, the articles deriving a special value from being made by the giver's hand. The work develops the muscles, and is one of the best means of educating the hands in the mechanical arts. Ladies have become so fond of the work that they lay in supplies of brass and amuse themselves with it while away at the seaside and other resorts. It is possible for a girl with a little practice to earn in this way two or three times as much as she would earn standing in a store.—*Philadelphia Paper.*

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

If a man is absolutely wise he can get along with a very little gravity. Gravity is the very best kind a dull phool can play.

One grate man in the world at a time is enuff; they are a grate nuisance; if they could be kut up into four medium ones, it would be better.

All genuine humorists are as red as to weep as to laugh, and humor and pathos gro on the same bush.

Hypocrisy is more wicked and weak than infidelity; it is possible for an infidel to be only a dupe to his folly, while a hypocrite is always an ignominious fraud.

Ideality is the smoke of an idea. It would be difficult to name a single thing we possess that has not cost us more than it is worth.

Honesty is a principle, while honor seems more like a sentiment, often a very refined sentiment, it is true.

The ladder of fame is free to all, but to many it is like climbing a greased pole, one foot up, then slip back three.

Grate ain't much hypocrisy in hate; it is a thousand times more honest than flattery, but we can't always give good reasons for hate.

A well-balanced man is not one who parts his hair in the middle, but one who has a level head and a broad heart, that never interferes with each other's business.

Honesty is money at interest. No grate success has ever been reached yet without a martyrdom or sum kind. Grate things and grate men should be looked at with a distance; you can't see the spots on them then.

If you can't educate but one, let it be the harte; with a well educated harte the head can't go far astray.

Habits are a hair at first, at last a cable.

It is very difficult to define happiness, or to measure them in any way; perhaps the best way to guess at the amount and then let them slide.

Haste and hurry are a couple of vagrants, enny how, but haste is more of the nature of enny dispatch. Hurry will tangle enny man's legs.

Hope has no favorites, and often plays a konfidence game with those she deals with.

Useful Knowledge.

Fires make headway more rapidly in burning clothes when the endangered person is standing up. The difference in progress between a burning lamp-lighter of twisted paper, held in the hand, and a person laid flat on a mat, is that the person laid flat on a mat, and hearth can be seen in a moment.

The first thing to do when clothing catches fire is to lie flat and cover up the flames, if there is nothing to smother them. If there is a bed near, getting between the blankets and rolling up in them is a surer way of putting out the fire in a burning skirt or sleeve. The worst, the very worst thing to do is to run down stairs. Opening the door makes one draught, the light down stairs another, and rushing out into the street is the worst of all. The impulse to get out of doors is very strange in all such cases, because within the house there are always means for putting out a fire and outside there are none. Rugs, rag carpet, torn off the kitchen floor, a heavy coat, blankets from the beds, put round the person in the twinkling of an eye, while water pails and pitchen are close at hand, ready to be emptied. In every case let the person whose dress or hair has caught fire throw herself flat on the floor and roll upon the flame. If there is anything in the room of thick woolen or carpet to smother it, even a gossamer waterproof cloak, snatch these and smother the fire while calling for help. If the fire has caught the hair, bury the head in bedclothes. Fire can not burn without air, and by shutting out all air from the flames, they must go out. But an open door fans the flames, and a standing position gives them headway.

"Hold the Fort."

A copy of Moody and Sankey's volume of hymns lately reached one of the Turkish post offices in Armenia to the address of an American missionary. A London *Daily News* correspondent states that the book had to pass under the eye of Bukhsheesh, the governor-general's factotum, who knows a few words of English. He was all the sharper on this occasion, because he had very recently passed by inadvertence a book consisting of letters from one of the New York papers, the author of which roundly denounced the misgovernment he had witnessed in Armenia during the campaign of 1877. And this volume was addressed to the same quarter as the present hymn-book. "Dogs," exclaimed Bukhsheesh, "Effendi, as he turned over the leaves. 'Hold the Fort! What fort? Treachery, as I live! May Satan seize them!'" They were patriotic songs for the use of the Armenians, those hymns, and the musical notation proved it; and that particular song, "Hold the Fort," must have reference to the intended surrender. So "Hold the Fort" was cut out by order of Bukhsheesh, and the expurgated volume sent to its destination.

The simplest post-office in the world is in Magellan Straits, and has been established there for many years. It consists of a small cask, which is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in the straits opposite Terra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to open the cask and take letters out and place others in it. The post office is self-acting, therefore; it is under the protection of the navies of all nations, and up to the present time there is not a single case to report in which any abuse of the privileges it affords has taken place.—*Florida Dispatch.*

Chapter the Second.

SUN FLOWER HILL, Sept. 20, 1883.

To The Bloomfield Citizen:

The sweet sleep into which I dropped two weeks ago, while resting under one of Mr. Rasebach's shade trees, came, as many good things do, to an end. I awoke with a painful sense of suffocation, and found, to my surprise, that I had slept far into the night; that Jack Frost had visited Bloomfield; that the gardener, in his rounds, owing to my venerable appearance, had mistaken me for a magnificent century plant, and, with great care, had spread over me a covering of blankets, to protect my long life from the chilling touch of the aforesaid Mr. Frost. Kind and considerate florist, thou didst nearly kill me with thy kindness. Hurriedly and thankfully leaving those parts, I began descending column one, page one, number twenty-one, of THE CITIZEN. My foreign relations being all well, I passed down to domestic scenes, but could go no further into those troublesome items than that awful and ominous rhyme:

Blaine, Of Maine,
Will run again,
Unless an untimely circumstance should restrain.

A little visit about town helped to dissipate this Mother Goose melody, and my mind was prepared to take in that bad accident at the Erie tunnel on Sunday, when the engineer of the Greenwood Lake Road ran into the rear end of the Paterson train ahead of him, smashing a car and frightening the passengers. That engineer would make a good battering ram; though seeing no light, he probably saw some stars. We pass from such dark, cold, and heartless proceedings to the fire items and gas jets. The first mentioned were quite warm, and the latter exceedingly bright. Montgomery is favored in having gas works that can turn out such an excellent article; it not only illuminates and ventilates, but possesses the same properties as the genuine laughing gas. One needs to have his sides insured if he takes much stock in this company. As usual, the ballads, like bullets, commanded a halt; they are indeed quite apt; appear to suit all parties and places, do not require naturalization papers nor educational qualification in order to their use; can be voted early and often; are never thrown away nor bought up, and are altogether too sharp for stuffing purposes. Such ballads will help THE CITIZEN to win. From this point in the paper, we naturally slid over into page two, stopping long enough, however, at the enterprising Bullock's in the corner (which, strange to say, is also in the Centre) to lay in a large supply of those fine Saddle-rocks for the coming election, well knowing that such articles are very useful on all such occasions, and in more ways than can here be enumerated. As we began the descent of column one, we were conscious of a very solemn feeling stealing over us, and soon realized that we had approached the editorial sanctum. Carefully concealing the Saddle-rocks,

Lest there might come stealing
Something more than feeling
over us, we hastened on, but were suddenly brought to a standstill by a loud bugle blast of no uncertain sound—loud enough to awaken all the sleeping Republicans in Bloomfield. Somehow, there was considerable music in the air about these parts, and as we thought upon the former of a daily newspaper, we very wisely concluded that what was true of a city daily was equally true of a country weekly—if it wanted to live, and live well, and live long, it must take up and take in the live topics of the day, and give these out again in throbbing, living words which shall stir the community to a kindred life and spirit.

It is the strongest pool that breeds malaria; the living streams awaken life.

Not being personally interested in the portrait of Bobby Burns, nor in the queer doings of the *Sunday Call*, I joined company with a good minister, and paid a short visit to Switzerland. I could not but admire the spirit of my friend; his high appreciation of foreign lands was intermingled with a deep, fervent love for home and country, which bespoke the true patriot and Christian.

Leaving our companion to his Sunday repose, we hurried over to *The Kensington*, that we might bid adieu to *Saratoga*, and enjoy the last, but not least, of those really charming letters of Sophie Sparkle. A slight feeling of sadness came over me as I thought, another summer gone, and with it, perhaps, how many golden opportunities untried.

There being no trouble in the *quire* that I have used up for Chapter the Second, I gave my attention to *The King's Four Questions*, and was very glad to turn these over to the honest miller, whose answers were certainly very sharp. Hearing that somebody was wandering about the *quire*, we hurried thither and found to our surprise that the manager of THE CITIZEN wanted one or two young ladies or gentlemen, to solicit subscriptions in Bloomfield and vicinity.

If this notice had read, the manager of the *London Times*, we should not have been so surprised; but for a citizen of Bloomfield to wait until solicited before accepting of THE CITIZEN, is a state of things that needs to be doctored. Come, good people, wake up, while your obedient servant takes another Rip Van Winkle nap.

O. W. KERO.

Badly Demoralized.

While working at his mine near Tres Alamos, a few days ago, John Lyons, of Tombstone, Arizona, suddenly found himself in a most unexpected and unpleasant situation. He had put in a blast, lighted the fuse, and just reached the top of the shaft, when he beheld four mounted Apaches rapidly approaching with plain intent to slaughter him. To run was to be overtaken, and to stay was to be blown to pieces, and neither alternative presented any attractions. Mr. Lyons hesitated an instant, and then dropped behind a heap of rocks at the mouth of the shaft. At that moment the blast exploded, and a volley of stones and debris flew into the air with a thundering report. The Indians, who had made sure of their victim, were so amazed and terrified at this marvellous interference that they wheeled and galloped away, screaming like fiends, and Mr. Lyons, who had been struck by a stone, and was surrounded by the rocks which fell all around him, made quick time to Tres Alamos.

"Show me an actor, and I'll show you a low lived, godless whelp," said a member of the Salvation Army, preaching in the Grecian Theatre, London. A pugilist actor strode forward and, addressing himself, as he struck a boxing attitude, "Exactly so," said the vocalist: "I'll be as good as my word. Here is the actor shown to me. I am the low lived and godless whelp—that is, in the sight of heaven."

It is interesting to look back of the fiery which wealth has put on the backs of the women at the watering places, to see how the money has been obtained. "Do you see that lady in the white Ottoman silk?" a correspondent was asked. "The one with the shapely figure?" he responded. "Yes, that's the one; but her shape always seems to me like a certain bottle of bitters." "Why?" Because her father's fortune came from the manufacture of a constituent of cocktails. Over yonder, in dainty mull, is the wife of a face powder; going down the hallway are the two daughters of a cough syrup; and the swell who drove past a few minutes ago in a dog cart tandem was a son of a pill."

List of Letters.

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday, Sept. 19:

Allen, Margaret	Lounsbury Mrs. W.
Albey, Clara A.	H.
Baugh, Mrs. L.	McIntyre, R. H.
Clapp, Mrs. Susan	Mickens, L. R.
Clark, T.	Morris, G.
Cline, Eliza	Muller, Frederick
Cardage, John	Noll, Mrs. Anna
Fales, Mrs. Eliza	Page, Mrs. H.
Hague, Ralph	Peck, John
Johnson, Paul	Pier, Garret
Klenc, C.	Swenson, Annie
Lukowiak, Ignac	

Any person calling for the above will please ask for "advertised" letters.

H. DODD, P. M.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted.—A small girl to assist in the care of a baby. To a careful girl a good home and fair wages will be given. Mrs. FRANK G. TOWER, Lincoln St., Glen Ridge.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

Knights of Honor.
EXCELSIOR LODGE No. 242.—Every Wednesday Evening in Knights of Honor Hall, Glenwood Avenue. D. S. Gregory, Recorder.

Friendship Lodge (German).—1st and 3d Thursdays of each month. Odd Fellows Hall.

Eastern Star Lodge No. 570 (Knights and Ladies).—1st and 3d Fridays of each month. Knights of Honor Hall. Mrs. Mary E. Raab, Cor. Sec.

F. and A. M.
BLOOMFIELD LODGE No. 40.—1st and 3d Tuesday Evenings of each month, in Corby Building. J. Banks Reford, Sec.

Odd Fellows.
OLIVE BRANCH LODGE No. 51.—Every Monday Evening, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Glenwood Avenue. Wm. A. Akers, Sec.

G. A. R.
Wm. S. PIERSON Post No. 58.—2d and 4th Tuesday Evenings of each month, in Unanest Hall.

TIME TABLES.

Carefully corrected up to date.

DELL, LACK & WESTERN RAILROAD.
Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

TO NEW YORK.
Leave Montclair—6:08, 7:15, 7:55, 8:47, 9:52, 11:00 a.m.
1:30, 2:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:10, 6:57, 8:15, 9:40, 11:05, 12:06 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—6:08, 7:15, 7:55, 8:51, 9:57, 11:05 a.m.
1:30, 2:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:15, 7:35, 8:55, 9:45, 11:10, 12:10 p.m.

Arrive Newark—6:23, 7:30, 8:10, 9:03, 10:08, 11:18 a.m.
1:45, 2:55, 3:57, 5:17, 6:38, 7:58, 8:57, 10:08, 11:22, 12:23 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:50, 8:00, 8:40, 9:30, 10:40, 11:50 a.m.
1:40, 2:50, 3:50, 5:10, 7:15, 7:55, 9:10, 10:40, 11:45 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.
Leave New York—6:30, 7:30, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40 a.m.
12:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:40, 5:30, 6:20, 7:10, 8:30, 10:00, 11:00 p.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:50, 8:10, 9:06, 10:13, 11:18 a.m.
1:13, 2:44, 4:13, 5:13, 6:03, 6:53, 7:43, 8:43, 10:08, 11:38, p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:51, 7:53, 8:17, 9:17, 10:24, 11:24 a.m.
1:24, 2:55, 4:24, 5:24, 6:15, 7:05, 8:00, 9:14, 10:14, 11:14 p.m.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R.R.
Chambers and 34th Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK.
Leave Upper Montclair—6:28, 6:57, 7:49, 8:45, 10:47 a.m.
1:26, 4:45, 5:16, 6:50, 9:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—5:53, 7:02, 7:55, 8:53, 10:52 a.m.
1:34, 4:50, 5:26, 6:55, 10:03 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—5:58, 7:06, 7:56, 8:57, 10:56 a.m.
1:40, 4:54, 5:30, 6:58, 10:08 p.m.

Leave New York—6:25, 7: